

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 22.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1807.

NO. 960.

## STORY OF ROSALBA.

### FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

ROSALBA WAS BORN at Palermo of a powerful and illustrious family. Fortune bestowed on her many attractions, but nature many more. During her infancy, her rising beauty, her grace, her sweetness and her vivacity, rendered her the idol of her father. The best education, superintended by instructresses the most capable, called into action the admirable talents she had received from Heaven. At the age of fourteen, she surpassed all the beauties of Sicily; she understood and recited the language of Racine, of Pope, of Cervantes, and of Gessner. She wrote poetry, but only for the eyes of her father, and a few friends he wished to see it;—she chaunted the songs of Leo with a voice more touching than that of the famous Faustine; and when she accompanied it with her harp, the prelates and the cardinals, who considered themselves proficient in music, declared that the angels of heaven could not surpass Rosalba.

To all these attractions and accomplishments the young Rosalba joined a splendid fortune. She was sought after by the first Lords of Sicily. The old Count of Scanzano, wise enough to know that a brilliant marriage, is not always a happy one, was not seduced by the rank or fortune of his daughter's suitor; he refused to encourage any one, but contented himself with admitting all her admirers to his house, and invited them to the concerts and balls which he frequently gave, leaving Rosalba absolute mistress of her will.

Rosalba was for a long time undecided in her choice. She was born tender and sanguine, like all Sicilians, but she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year, and her heart had not yet declared for any one. Yet she had remarked the young Duke of Castellamare: A lofty carriage, splendour, a fine figure, vivacity, an illustrious name, and the age of nineteen, gave the duke an advantage over his more learned rivals. Deprived of his parents in infancy, the liberty he possessed of enjoying too much pleasure, might excuse the extravagancies that flowed with youthful impetuosity; besides, these excesses were not known, and the Count of Scanzano who had seen him become a candidate for the hand of Rosalba, soon learned with pleasure that he was the favourite of his daughter. He spoke to her of the duke, he bestowed on him the greatest praise, and recommended to Rosalba, him who was the object of her own choice.

The marriage was soon concluded; her father celebrated it with the utmost magnificence. The young dutchess appeared at the court of the Vice-Roy, of which she became the brightest ornament; all were in raptures with her charms; every one envied the felicity of the duke. Rosalba entered into every pleasure, which was continually varied and repeated. Young, beautiful, rich, admired, she saw before her one uninterrupted scene of bliss. The bridegroom devoted himself entirely to love;

every thing around reminded them of delight and her old father, in transports of joy, returned thanks to heaven, embraced his son-in-law, admired his daughter, and congratulated himself that he should die without a misfortune to disturb his happiness.

Six months after the wedding, this felicity was already at an end: The duke seduced by false friends, the corrupters of youth, renewed his indulgence in those pleasures he had quitted, not renounced. He left his wife to his indignant rivals. At first indeed he laboured to conceal his violations of faith and love; but soon throwing aside all circumspection, he lavished his treasures on the detestable objects of his momentary passions, he published his follies to the world, and seemed to take a pride in the extravagance of vice.

The hapless Rosalba learned all this from those efficacious beings who delight in wounding the feelings of a neglected wife. She loved the duke; and soon perceived the dreadful alteration; but, indulging her distress only in private and concealing it entirely from observation, she endeavoured to deceive her father and to spare the good old man a shock that might send him to the grave. Pretending to be happy in his society, and smiling through the grief that almost suffocated her; she excused the frequent absences of the duke when the old Count complained of them; she invented excuses and sought for pretexts to excuse her profound solitude, all to account for her declining health. Her good father gave no credit to them, but feigned belief; he disguised his inquietude and alarms, and both, conquered by an useless delicacy, feared to tell what passed within their souls.

Rosalba had one friend who knew all her secrets. Laura was her most faithful servant. Better acquainted than her mistress with the follies of the duke, Laura had often tried to alienate, or at least diminish the passion of the dutchess, well knowing that her master's love was irrecoverably gone. She had beseeched her to live for herself, her father, and her friends. Rosalba was unable to follow this advice—the desire of love, the sweet satisfaction of blending her duty with her pleasure, the involuntary attachment a young innocent girl feels for the first object of her passion, all inflamed the soul of Rosalba and rendered dear to her, her criminal husband. She looked upon herself as the cause of her distress,—she reproached herself for believing that to be loved it was only necessary to love, and with having neglected since her marriage those accomplishments which, though in her opinion insignificant, often seduced, soothed and retained, more than the constancy itself, the affections of him they render proud. Rosalba took advantage of this—she made use of every secret method of embellishing her charms, she resumed her harp and her songs, and often brought tears from her father by singing the beautiful verses of Tasso, or Armida Renaud. Her efforts all were fruitless: her sweetness, her patience, her tenderness, could not affect her inexorable lord. Lost in his shameful errors, passing his days

and nights from home and from his dutchess,—seeing her but seldom, and knowing her existence only from others, while she refined into perfection the accomplishments that were cultivated for him alone.

Reduced at length to despair, Rosalba sighed for death; and Laura began to fear that grief would indeed destroy her life. "My dear mistress," said she to her one day, "since you cannot cure a melancholy passion that is hastening you to the grave, since you have exhausted your spirits to reclaim him who is unworthy of you, and since you have done every thing that love and virtue can do, I beg you to try other means rather than die. I know an old Jewess, who has been about two years at Palermo, and who is celebrated for her magic arts, particularly for the love-powders she makes. Our pretended wits disbelieve and ridicule her wonders, but for my part, thank Heaven! I give entire credit to them, for I cannot doubt what I have seen. Do you remember young Lisbette, who came to sell you gauze last winter, and who appeared to interest you so much? She was as shrewd as she was pretty: she lived with my sister, who has told me a thousand times that she was an example of the power of the Jewess. A young nobleman saw her at church, and had the presumption to make love to her; Lisbette would not listen to him, sent back all his letters unopened, and avoided as much as possible, a meeting. The disappointed lover had recourse to the old Jewess; he related his fruitless efforts, and made her a handsome present. The enchantress put into his hands a green wax taper, with directions to light it whenever he wished to see the object of his desires. I do not know whether he lighted his candle that night, but I know very well that after that time Lisbette went regularly every evening to the house of her lover, and returned only by the light of day. When my sister discovered this, she was about to reproach her, but poor Lisbette soothed her anger by confessing ingenuously that as soon as she fell asleep, she rose, dressed herself by a supernatural impulse, and in spite of herself, walked to the house of the young lord, whom she did not love at all. "There," said she, "a wax candle burns without being consumed, and extinguishes itself with a loud noise as soon as day appears. I then resume my reason, seem to awake from a terrible dream, and return home full of horror." You may judge, my dear mistress, from this circumstance, (which I assure you is completely true,) of the force of the Jewess's magic. Why not consult her then? If you would not be known, disguise yourself in my dress; if you are afraid to go to her house, I will engage to bring her to you."

The dutchess heard Laura with a melancholy smile; she rejected her offer, and would not practice a remedy, her reason told her was ridiculous; but reason avails little when opposed by love—and nothing seems fruitless that may possibly contribute to our felicity.

(Conclusion in our next.)

An old Chinese went one day to a Missionary who was in his village, to represent to him the extreme desire he had of building a church there. "Your zeal is laudable," said the father to him; "but we have not now the means of defraying so great an expense." "I aspire to do it myself," replied the villager. The Missionary accustomed to see him for many years lead a very poor life, believed him not to be in a situation to accomplish what he promised. He again praised his good intentions, representing to him the length of the village consequently the large size of a suitable building, and his incompetency to so great a work. "Excuse me," replied the countryman, "I believe myself able to do what I propose." "But do you know," said the father, "that two thousand crowns at least are necessary for such an undertaking?" "I have them already," replied the old man; "and if I had not I should not thus have importuned you." The missionary was much charmed at learning that this good man, whom he had thought very poor, was possessed of so much, and that he wished to employ it so useful; nor was he less surprised, when having the curiosity to ask him how he had been able to procure this sum, he ingeniously answered, that for forty years, since he had conceived this design, he had retrenched from his food and clothing all that was not absolutely necessary, that he might have the consolation before he died, of leaving in his village a house erected to the honour of the true God!

**Prevention of a foul Murder.**—The following extraordinary and diabolical scheme, to take away the life of a young female, was by the interposition of Divine Providence prevented during the last week in Bedfordshire. As the driver of Bedford stage waggon was going along the road between Luton and the town of Bedford, at twelve o'clock at night, he perceived a light in the field adjoining the road, and curiosity having been excited, he unfastened his mastiff dog from under the waggon and proceeded to the spot, where he found a man digging a hole in the ground. The waggoner accosted him familiarly, but the man angrily informed him, he had nothing to do with him or his business, and the former left him. He had not proceeded 200 yards on the road when he met a female with a box and bundle under her arm, and he also interrogated her, without receiving any satisfactory answer. The curiosity of the waggoner was on its full stretch when he saw the young woman cross to the foot path which led to the man in the field, and he again untied his dog and followed her. She went to the man, and after a short conversation, he drew pistol from his pocket and exclaimed, "I have prepared your grave and you must die."

The waggoner who had remained a few paces distant, rushed on the man, and the mastiff seized him, when the waggoner bound him, and conveyed him to safe custody, as well as the female, who wished to depart. The man has been committed for trial at Bedford. The woman, who is pregnant by the man, a rustic, had met her by appointment. She had left her situation and had 70l. in her pocket. *Lord pap.*

**MAXIM**—The real merit of a man should be estimated by his virtue, not by his fortune.

TO THE

## MEMORY OF HIS WIFE,

BY MR. SHAW.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain  
This vast unutterable weight of woe!  
This worse than hunger, poverty or pain,  
Or all the complicated ills below?  
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,  
Is gone—for ever fled—  
My dearest Emma's dead:  
These eyes, these tear-swoll'n eyes beheld her fall.  
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
She lives—but (cruel thought) she lives for me  
no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day  
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight;  
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,  
And fondly blame the slow return of night:  
How, how shall I endure  
(O misery past a cure!)  
Hours, days and years, successively to roll,  
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?  
D'd ever mind so much of heaven partake?  
Did she not love me with the purest flame?  
And give up friends and fortune for my sake:  
Though mild as evening skies,  
With downcast, streaming eyes,  
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train  
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)  
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
And oh, discard the pagantry of phrase:  
Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!  
Thus, haply, as I paint  
I'll be source of my complaint,  
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;  
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
And from my swelling heart discharge this load.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell,  
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"  
In pity cease—alas! I know too well  
How in her sweet expressive face  
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,  
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd!

No piteous object could she see,  
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,  
While smiles of affability  
Endear'd whatever boon she mi. lit bestow.  
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,  
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
Stranger to every female art,  
Alike to feign or to disguise:  
And, oh the boast how rare!  
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd  
She never with lawless tongue disclos'd,  
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there,  
Oh feeble word—unable to express  
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,  
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind.  
Why (cruel) strike this deprecate blow,  
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?  
Hark! goans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!  
The sons of grief preter their ardent vow,  
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:  
In vain—perverse, still on the unweaving head  
Thine thine thy vengeful arts to shed;  
Hope's infant blood to destroy,  
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour  
When virtue shall renounce thy power:  
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day  
Nor mortals trouble at thy rigid sway.

To be continued.)

Walpole in his life of Fox, published since that statesman's death, relates the following among other anecdotes, to shew the extreme and foolish indulgence which from his infancy, Fox received from his father, Lord Holland—to which indulgence may probably be traced his extravagancy and dissipation through life: "His father's indulgence of his favorite sometimes led the youth to petulance. Lady Holland, one day, made an observation on a subject of Roman history, which Charles perceived to be erroneous. He immediately asked with some contempt: What she knew about the Romans—and demonstrated her error with more knowledge and force of argument than Sirial reverence. Nor did his father chide him for his forwardness.

"Charles, after he had arrived at years of maturity, often boasted that from his earliest infancy he never failed to do what he had a mind; it being a principle with his kind papa never to check his children; two instances of which are given in this young gentleman before he was six years old. One day standing by his father while he was winding up a watch—"I have a great mind to break that watch papa," said the boy, "No, Charles, that would be foolish." "Indeed papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "If you have such a violent inclination I won't balk it," on which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who dashed it against the floor.

Another time while he was secretary at war, having just finished a long dispatch which he was going to send, Mr Charles, who stood near him with his hand on the inkstand, said: "Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper."—"Do, my dear," said the secretary, "if it will give you any pleasure." The young gentleman immediately threw on the ink, and the secretary sat down very contentedly to write the dispatch over again.

Having resolved to tare down the wall at the bottom of the lawn before Holland-house, and to have iron palisades put up in its stead, that the passengers on the road might enjoy a better view of the fine antique-building, it was necessary to make use of gun-powder to facilitate the work. Mr. Fox had promised Mr. Charles that he should be present when the explosion took place. Finding that the workmen had completed its fall without giving him notice, he ordered the wall to be re-built, and when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again.

When secretary of state, in the midst of the war, having one night a great number of important expresses to dispatch, he took them home from his office in order the more attentively to examine their contents before he sent them away. Charles, then about nine years old, collected the study, to which he had free access, and taking up one of the packets which his father had examined and laid apart for sealing, he perused it with much seeming attention for some time, then expressed his disapprobation of its contents, and thrust it into the fire. Far from being ruffled at this incident, or from attempting to reprimand him, his father turned immediately to look for the office copy, and with the greatest composure made out another.

At the age of fourteen, Charles accompanied his father to the continent, and visited Spa, at that time a place of fashionable resort of the most distinguished characters from all parts of Europe. Here it is said that Lord Holland indulged his favourite with nine guineas a night.



he spent in games of hazard. The truth of this circumstance we are the less inclined to dispute, as it would account in the most satisfactory manner for the origin of that inordinate love of gaming which took possession of his mind.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 11, 1807.

NORFOLK, July 1.

This day Commodore Stephen Decatur Jun hoisted his Broad Pendant on board the United States' Frigate Chesapeake, in the place of Commodore Barron. Capt. Gordon, continues in the command of the ship.

BALTIMORE, July 3.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a very respectable gentleman at Washington to his friend in this city—

"Captain Decatur writes, that the commanders of the British ships of war, say they will consider a Proclamation, similar to that issued against the Leopard, as an act of hostility, and will commence hostilities against us immediately. They have threatened to take the Chesapeake."

Other letters received in this city corroborate the above intelligence.

### FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

**Extraordinary Murder.**—George Allen, of Upper Masfield, Staffordshire, for some time past had been subject to epileptic fits, but on Sunday night he was considerably better, and on Monday appeared quite well. At eight o'clock in the evening of that day, he retired to rest, and when his wife followed him in the course of an hour, she found him sitting upright in bed, smoking a pipe, which was his usual custom. In another bed, in the same room, lay three of his infant children asleep; the eldest a boy about ten years old, the second a girl about six, and another boy about three. The wife having got into bed, with an infant at her breast, Allen asked her what other man she had in the house with her? to which she replied, "that no man had been there but himself." He insisted to the contrary, and his wife continued to assert her innocence. He then jumped out of bed, and went down stairs, and she, from an impulse of fear, followed him; she met him on the stairs, and asked what he had been doing in such a hurry? in answer to which he ordered her to get up stairs again. He then went to the bed where his children were, and turned down the cloaths. On her endeavouring to hold him, he told her "to let him alone, or he would serve her the same sauce," and immediately attempted to cut her throat, in which he partly succeeded, and also wounded her right breast, but a handkerchief she wore about her head and neck prevented the wound from being fatal. She then extricated herself (having the babe in her arms all the time, which she preserved unhurt) and jumped, or rather fell, down stairs. Before she could well get up, one of the children (the girl) fell at her feet, with its head nearly cut off and which he had murdered and thrown after her. The poor woman opened the door and screamed out, "that her husband was cutting off the children's heads." A neighbour shortly came

to her assistance, and a light having been procured, the monster was found standing in the middle of the house place, with a razor in his hand. He was asked what he had been doing, when he replied coolly, "No thing yet; I have only killed three of them." On their going up stairs, a most dreadful spectacle presented itself; the head of one of the boys was very nearly severed from his body, and the bellies of both were partly cut, and partly ripped open, and the bowels torn completely out, and thrown on the floor. Allen made no attempt to escape, and was taken without resistance. He says that it was his intention to murder his wife and all her children, and then to have put an end to himself. An old woman, who lay bed-ridden in the same house, he professed his intention also to have murdered. On Wednesday last an inquest was held on the bodies of the three children; before E. Hand, gentleman, of Uxeter, when he confessed his guilt, but without expressing any contrition.

It appears from the testimony of his neighbours, that this unhappy man has lived in the utmost harmony with his wife for 17 years, and that he had the character of an honest, industrious man. When questioned by the Coroner, he promised to confess something that had lain heavily on his mind; and Mr. Hand, supposing it might relate to a crime he had heretofore committed, caused him to be examined, in the presence of other gentlemen, when he told an incoherent story of a ghost, in the shape of a horse, having about four years ago enticed him into a stable, where it drew blood from him, and then flew into the sky. With respect to the murder of his children, he observed to the Coroner, with apparent unconcern, that he supposed, "it was as bad a case as ever the Coroner heard of."

### EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.

The wife of James Hubbel, Esq. of Bennington (Vermont) presented him with three charming infants, a son and two daughters, weighing together sixteen pounds. Mrs. Hubbel and her three little cherubs are in a comfortable state of health.

On the 16th ult. the lady of the Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Fitch, President of Williamstown College (Mass.) was safely delivered of three sons, and on the 26th, the mother and her three babes were living, and likely to do well. The weight of the children at their birth was 17 1/2 pounds.

From the Liverpool Chronicle, April 1807.

In the course of the last week, and within the compass of half a mile (chiefly at Sulby near Ramsey, in the Isle of Man) seventeen married women were safely delivered of twenty-one children! viz. Two who were next door neighbours, of twins; another of the boys; and four teen had single births. When our account left the Island, the mothers and their infants were all reported to be doing well.

Last week at Fronte, a young woman who had been married only 10 months, was delivered of four children; and another of five, eleven months after her wedding.

### FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

First drawn number on Monday.

Tickets warranted undrawn for sale at this office.

### COURT OF HYMEN.

TILL Hymen brought the love-delighted hour  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bowers—  
The world was sad, the garden was a wild;  
And man, the hermit, sighed till WOMAN smiled!

### MARRIED.

On Sunday last, at Middle-Town, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Bennet, Captain William S. Brooks, to Miss Eleanor Fayman.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Archibald Kerly, Esq. to Miss Margaret Miller.

At Baltimore, on the 2d July, by the Rev. Dr. Rat-ton, Mr. Heath, of Philadelphia, to Miss Eliza McKim, daughter of Alexander McKim, Esq.

### MORTALITY.

ENFRANT in slumber's arms thus ALL will rest,  
Till the loud clarion's voice shall bid them rise—  
Then will the pious hear the angels blest,  
Hail kindred spirits to their native skies.

### DIED.

On Friday morning, the 3d inst. in the 68th year of his age, Mr. Daniel Ebbets, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

In Grimminghausen, (Germany) a widow woman, aged 115 years. At the age of 108, she had 4 new teeth.

Published and for sale by T and J. SWORDS, No. 160 Pearl street, and at No. 81 Fair street, (price handsomely bound, 1 dollar and 25 cents, containing upwards of 400 pages, the

### DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN.

being Fifty-two short Discourses, with appropriate Hymns, on the most interesting subjects, for every Lord's day in the year. Designed for the improvement of Families of every Christian denomination, by JOHN STANFORD, M. A. New York

This volume has already taken an unusual spread in the states of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, and obtained the attention and patronage of most religious denominations. It contains a rich variety of evangelical subjects without the acrimony of controversy and the bitterness of party. Indispensably important to every individual, and interwoven with the fibers of the christian heart. And although its primary design is to assist the devotion of the family and the closet, it will be found highly useful to those Churches and societies in the country who may be destitute of a minister. 95B—1f

### JOHN C. TUCKER,

#### LADIES SHOE-MAKER.

He informs his friends and the public, that he has opened shop in the above line at No. 129 William-street, where he has on hand a fresh assortment of shoes of every description. The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the southern and West India market. All orders will be attended to with dispatch. June 13

### PETER STUYVERSANT,

#### LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store, from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandals Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch. May 23.

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

An old Chinese went one day to a Missionary who was in his village, to represent to him the extreme desire he had of building a church there. "Your zeal is laudable," said the father to him; "but we have not now the means of defraying so great an expence." "I aspire to do it myself," replied the villager. The Missionary accustomed to see him for many years lead a very poor life, believed him not to be in a situation to accomplish what he promised. He again praised his good intentions, representing to him the length of the village consequently the large size of a suitable building, and his incompetency to so great a work. "Excuse me," replied the countryman, "I believe myself able to do what I propose." "But do you know," said the father, "that two thousand crowns at least are necessary for such an undertaking?" "I have them already," replied the old man; "and if I had not I should not thus have importuned you." The missionary was much charmed at learning that this good man, whom he had thought very poor, was possessed of so much, and that he wished to employ it so useful; nor was he less surprised, when having the curiosity to ask him how he had been able to procure this sum, he ingeniously answered, that for forty years, since he had conceived this design, he had retrenched from his food and clothing all that was not absolutely necessary, that he might have the consolation before he died, of leaving in his village a house erected to the honour of the true God!

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TO THE

## MEMORY OF HIS WIFE,

BY MR. SHAW.

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This worse than hunger, poverty or pain,  
Or all the complicated ills below?  
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,  
Is gone—for ever fled—  
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These eyes, these tear-swoll'n eyes beheld her fall.  
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
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I, who the tedious absence of a day  
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight;  
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,  
And fondly blame the slow return of night:  
How, how shall I endure  
(O misery past a cure!)  
Hours, days and years, successively to roll,  
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?  
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?  
Did she not love me with the purest flame?  
And give up friends and fortune for my sake:  
Though mild as evening skies,  
With downcast, streaming eyes,  
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train  
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)  
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
And oh, discard the pageantry of phrase:  
Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!  
Thus, haply, as I paint,  
I'll source of my complaint,  
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;  
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
And from my swelling heart discharge this load.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell,  
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"  
In pity cease—alas! I know too well  
How in her sweet expressive face  
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,  
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd!

No piteous object could she see,  
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,  
While smiles of affability  
Endear'd whatever boon she nil, lit bestow.  
What'er th' emotions of her heart,  
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
Stranger to every female art,  
Alike to feign or to disguise:  
And, oh the boast how rare!  
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd  
She never with lawless tongue disclos'd,  
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there,  
Oh feeble word—unable to express  
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,  
With mild rous hands deals havoc on mankind.  
Why (cruel) strike this deprecated blow,  
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?  
Hark! groans come whin'd on every breeze!  
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,  
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:  
In vain—perverse, still on the unaverting head  
'Tis thine thy vengeful arts to shed;  
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
And drench in tears the faceted joy.

But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour  
When virtue shall renounce thy power!  
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day  
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

*To be continued.)*

Walpole in his life of Fox, published since that statesman's death, relates the following among other anecdotes, to shew the extreme and foolish indulgence which from his infancy, Fox received from his father, Lord Holland—to which indulgence may probably be traced his extravagance and dissipation through life: "His father's indulgence of his favorite sometimes led the youth to penitence, Lady Holland, one day, made an observation on a subject of Roman history, which Charles perceived to be erroneous. He immediately asked with some contempt: What she knew about the Romans—and demonstrated her error with more knowledge and force of argument than filial reverence. Nor did his father chide him for his forwardness.

"Charles, after he had arrived at years of maturity, often boasted that from his earliest infancy he never failed to do what he had a mind; it being a principle with his kind papa never to check his children; two instances of which are given in this young gentleman before he was six years old. One day standing by his father while he was winding up a watch—"I have a great mind to break that watch papa," said the boy, "No, Charles, that would be foolish." "Indeed papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "If you have such a violent inclination I won't balk it;" on which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who dashed it against the floor.

Another time while he was secretary at war, having just finished a long dispatch which he was going to send, Mr. Charles, who stood near him with his hand on the inkstand, said: "Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper."—"Do, my dear," said the secretary, "if it will give you any pleasure." The young gentleman immediately threw on the ink, and the secretary sat down very contentedly to write the dispatch over again.

Having resolved to tare down the wall at the bottom of the lawn before Holland-house, and to have iron palisades put up in its stead, that the passengers on the road might enjoy a better view of the fine antique-building, it was necessary to make use of gun-powder to facilitate the work. Mr. Fox had promised Mr. Charles that he should be present when the explosion took place. Finding that the workmen had completed its fall without giving him notice, he ordered the wall to be re-built, and when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again.

When secretary of state, in the midst of the war, having one night a great number of important expresses to dispatch, he took them home from his office in order the more attentively to examine their contents before he sent them away. Charles, then about nine years old, entered the study, to which he had free access, and taking up one of the packets which his father had examined and laid apart for sealing, he perused it with much seeming attention for some time, then expressed his disapprobation of its contents, and thrust it into the fire. Far from being ruffled at this incident, or from attempting to reprimand him, his father turned immediately to look for the office copy, and with the greatest composure made out another.

At the age of fourteen, Charles accompanied his father to the continent, and visited Spa, at that time a place of fashionable resort of the most distinguished characters from all parts of Europe. Here it is said that Lord Holland indulged his favourite with nine guineas a night.



to be spent in games of hazard. The truth of this circumstance we are the less inclined to dispute, as it would account in the most satisfactory manner for the origin of that inordinate love of gaming which took possession of his mind.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 11, 1807.

NORFOLK, July 1.

This day Commodore Stephen Decatur Jun hoisted his Broad Pendant on board the United States' Frigate Chesapeake, in the place of Commodore Barron. Capt. Gordon, continues in the command of the ship.

BALTIMORE, July 5.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a very respectable gentleman at Washington to his friend in this city—

"Captain Decatur writes, that the commanders of the British ships of war, say they will consider a Proclamation, similar to that issued against the Leander, as an act of hostility, and will commence hostilities against us immediately. They have threatened to take the Chesapeake."

Other letters received in this city corroborate the above intelligence.

### FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

**Extraordinary Murder.**—George Allen, of Upper Mayfield, Staffordshire, for some time past had been subject to epileptic fits, but on Sunday at night he was considerably better, and on Monday appeared quite well. At eight o'clock in the evening of that day, he retired to rest, and when his wife followed him in the course of an hour, she found him sitting upright in bed, smoking a pipe, which was his usual custom. In another bed, in the same room, lay three of his infant children asleep; the eldest a boy about ten years old, the second a girl about six, and another boy about three. The wife having got into bed, with an infant at her breast, Allen asked her what other man she had in the house with her? to which she replied, "that no man had been there but himself." He insisted to the contrary, and his wife continued to assert her innocence. He then jumped out of bed, and went down stairs, and she, from an impulse of fear, followed him; she met him on the stairs, and asked what he had been doing in such a hurry? in answer to which he ordered her to get up stairs again. He then went to the bed where his children were, and turned down the cloaths. On her endeavouring to hold him, he told her "to let him alone, or he would serve her the same sauce," and immediately attempted to cut her throat, in which he partly succeeded, and also wounded her right breast, but a handkerchief she wore about her head and neck prevented the wound from being fatal. She then extricated herself (having the babe in her arms all the time, which she preserved unhurt) and jumped, or rather fell, down stairs. Before she could well get up, one of the children (the girl) fell at her feet, with its head nearly cut off and which he had murdered and thrown after her. The poor woman opened the door and screamed out, "that her husband was cutting off the children's heads." A neighbour shortly came

to her assistance, and a light having been procured, the monster was found standing in the middle of the house-place, with a razor in his hand. He was asked what he had been doing, when he replied coolly, "No thing yet; I have only killed three of them." On their going up stairs, a most dreadful spectacle presented itself; the head of one of the boys was very nearly severed from his body, and the bellies of both were partly cut, and partly ripped open, and the bowels torn completely out, and thrown on the floor. Allen made no attempt to escape, and was taken without resistance. He says that it was his intention to murder his wife and all her children, and then to have put an end to himself. An old woman, who lay bed-ridden in the same house, he professed his intention also to have murdered. On Wednesday last an inquest was held on the bodies of the three children, before E. Hand, gentleman, of Uttoxeter, when he confessed his guilt, but without expressing any contrition.

It appears from the testimony of his neighbours, that this unhappy man has lived in the utmost harmony with his wife for 17 years, and that he had the character of an honest, industrious man. When questioned by the Coroner, he promised to confess something that had lain heavily on his mind; and Mr. Hand, supposing it might relate to a crime he had heretofore committed, caused him to be examined, in the presence of other gentlemen, when he told an incoherent story of a ghost, in the shape of a horse, having about four years ago enticed him into a stable, where it drew blood from him, and then flew into the sky. With respect to the murder of his children, he observed to the Coroner, with apparent unconcern, that he supposed, "it was as bad a case as ever the Coroner heard of."

### EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.

The wife of James Hubbel, Esq. of Bennington (Vermont) presented him with three charming infants, a son and two daughters, weighing together sixteen pounds. Mrs. Hubbel and her three little cherubs are in a comfortable state of health.

On the 16th ult. the lady of the Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Fitch, President of Williamstown College (Mass.) was safely delivered of three sons, and on the 26th, the mother and her three babes were living, and likely to do well. The weight of the children at their birth was 17 1/2 pounds.

From the *Liverpool Chronicle*, April 1807.

In the course of the last week, and within the compass of half a mile (chiefly at Sulby near Ramsey, in the Isle of Man) seventeen married women were safely delivered of twenty-one children! viz. Two who were next door neighbours, of twins; another of three boys; and fourteen had single births. When our account left the Island, the mothers and their infants were all reported to be doing well.

Last week at Frouie, a young woman who had been married only 10 months, was delivered of four children; and another of five, eleven months after her wedding.

### FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

First drawn number on Monday.

Tickets warranted undrawn for sale at this office.

### COURT OF HYMEN.

TILL Hymen brought the love-delighted hour  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bowers—  
The world was sad, the garden was a wild:  
And man, the hermit, sighed till WOMAN smiled!

### MARRIED.

On Sunday last, at Middle-Town, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, Captain William S. Brooks, to Miss Eleanor Fayman.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Archibald Kerly, Esq. to Miss Margaret Miller.

At Baltimore, on the 2d July, by the Rev. Dr. Rat-ton, Mr. Heath, of Philadelphia, to Miss Eliza McKim, daughter of Alexander McKim, Esq.

### MORTALITY.

ENFANT in slumber, arms thus all will rest,  
"Till thy loud clariion's voice shall bid them rise—  
Then will the pious hear the angels blest,  
Hail kindred spirits to their native skies.

### DIED.

On Friday morning, the 3d inst. in the 68th year of his age, Mr. Daniel Ebbets, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

In Grimminghausen, (Germany) a widow woman, aged 115 years. At the age of 108, she had 4 new teeth.

Published and for sale by T and J. SWORDS, No. 160 Pearl street, and at No. 81 Fair street, (price handsomely bound, 1 dollar and 25 cents, containing upwards of 400 pages, the

### DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN.

being Fifty-two short Discourses, with appropriate Illustrations, on the most interesting subjects, for every Lord's day in the year. Designed for the improvement of Families of every Christian denomination, by JOHN STANFORD, M. A. New York.

This volume has already taken an unusual spread in the states of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, and obtained the attention and patronage of most religious denominations. It contains a rich variety of evangelical subjects without the acrimony of controversy and the bitterness of party. Indispensably important to every individual, and interwoven with the fibers of the christian heart. And although its primary design is to assist the devotion of the family and the closet, it will be found highly useful to those Churches and societies in the country who may be destitute of a minister.

958—tf

### JOHN C. TUCKER,

### LADIES SHOE-MAKER.

He informs his friends and the publick, that he has opened shop in the above line at No. 129 William-street, where he has on hand a fresh assortment of shoes of every description. The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the southern and West India market. All orders will be attended to with dispatch. June 13.

### PETER STUYVERSANT,

### LADIES SHOE-MAKER.

Has removed his store, from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandals Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch. May 23.

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE WIFE.

The virtues that endear and sweeten life,  
And form that soft companion, call'd a wife;  
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire  
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.  
Hail, lovely woman! nature's blessing hail!  
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:  
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,  
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!  
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,  
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?  
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,  
Alternative, joyless nights and lonesome days:  
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,  
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:  
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,  
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.  
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven  
That tender bosom friend, a wife, has given;  
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,  
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay:  
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honor spoil'd,  
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!  
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,  
The joys are safe, the captures are sincere.  
Does fortune smile? How grateful must it prove  
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!  
Or does she frown? The fair with softening art,  
Will sooth our woes or bear a willing part.

—0000—

### EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

THE mould'ring form within this tomb confin'd,  
On a boasted vigour, once a vigorous mind,  
That virtues, eminent like his, can die,  
His friends shall often witness with a sigh.  
And say, when passing by this well-known grave,  
Here rests the good, the just, the wise, the brave:  
Among fallen men so few like him remain,  
We scarce shall look up in his like again.  
The friend of human kind, his country's friend,  
And, in one word, his eulogy to end,  
(Let truth say more of monarchs if it can)  
Here lies "God's noblest work—an HONEST MAN"

—:O:—

### INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT.

Let age and anguish, sorrow's hopeless train,  
For contemplation to the tombs descend,  
There what in life, perhaps, he sought in vain,  
The weary traveller will find, a friend.

### ANECDOTE.

A Country Clergyman, who in the Matrimonial Lottery had drawn much worse than a Blank, and without the patience of Socrates, had to encounter the turbulent spirit of Xantippe, was interrupted in the Middle of a Curtain-Lecture, by the arrival of a pair requesting his assistance to introduce them to the blessed state of wedlock. The poor Priest, accosted at the moment by his own feelings and particular experience, rather than a sense of canonical duty, opened the book and began, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble, &c." repeating the burial service. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, "Sir! Sir! you mistake, I came here to be married, not buried!" Well, replied the clergyman, if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried.

### NOTICE.

J Woodfendall, Dentist, has removed from No. 8 Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the corner of St. Paul's church-yard  
May 23 953--3m\*

## MORALIST.

—0000—

### FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

MOST AGREEABLE TO A HUSBAND.

- \* Man may for wealth or glory roam,
- \* But women must be blest at home;
- \* To this should all her studies tend,
- \* This her great object and her end.

A Married woman must consider what are the chief requisites to happiness; and, as it is altogether impossible to have every perfection in one man, she must come to a steady determination what she is to look upon most essential, and what is most easy to be sacrificed.

She must endeavour to attend some degree of those accomplishments which her husband most valued himself. The endowments of your mind will make your person more agreeable to him: And when you are without a third person, your time will not lay heavy on your hands for want of conversation.

A wife must endeavor to heighten the charms of a friend. If she reads a new work, a poem, or a play, it must be to form her taste, that she may be able to entertain the man she loves.

She will soon find, that a great article in the happiness of life, is the economy of the family, which must be her province of shining. This will constantly furnish a variety of subjects, which will afford a perpetual fund of amusement to which women who are always gadding abroad are entire strangers. One of the greatest beauties in the female character is that retiring delicacy, that modest reserve, which avoids the public eye.

### SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honoured her with the Tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she has removed her seminary to 201 Bowery lane, above Doct or Church's Dispensary—having taken a convenient, neat and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant healthy and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery and the various branches of Needle Work, Drawing and Painting, &c. She flatters herself that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the Morals, manners and education of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15 young Ladies to board and educate, if application be made within a month or six weeks from this date.  
June 13

### SAUNDERS & LEONARD;

No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,  
Split straw do do.  
Paper do do.  
Wire assorted sizes,  
Artificial and straw Flowers,  
do do Wreaths,  
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,  
Paste boards,  
Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,  
Sarcnets, white and pink,  
Open work, straw trimming and tassels.  
With every article in the Millenary Line by Wholesale only.

November

926—tf

### CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by  
ALFORD & MERVIN,  
No. 15 Catherine-st. near the Watch House.

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY  
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER  
FROM LONDON,  
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE  
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles  
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square  
Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb  
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; or likewise his Vegetable or pear Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence  
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s & 1s 6d  
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

\* The best warranted Canave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration

which is not the case with Imported Perfumery  
Great allowance to those who buy to sell again  
January 3, 1807

### THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer, No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York. Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them tipped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient  
December 6.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.